Volume LXII CHICAGO, JANUARY 14, 1909 Number 20

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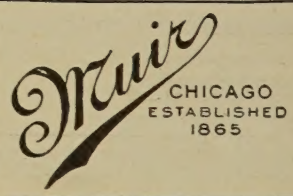

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1909. NUMBER 20

Edward Everett Hale

EIGHTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

Hail, kindly youthful friend! 'Tis thine
  To reach life's Indian summer days,
  Gladly to note their kind delays
Softening the chill of thy snow line.

The feathery flakes that on thee fall,
  Are almond petals settling 'round
  With slightest touch and gentlest sound—
Youth's mantle and not age's pall.

Our life and age not measured are
  By pulsebeats or by passing years,
  Nor yet by treasured joys or tears,
But by love's truer calendar.

The world's horizon is thy field;
  Thy influence pours its course along,
  Through kindling speech and book and song,
In harvests of abundant yield.

Thou seekest naught of worldly fame;
  Thou art a universal Friend
  To all sad hearts relief to lend,
The Human serving "In His Name."

Thy noble mottoes to "Look Up,"
  "Forward" and "Out," "To Lend a Hand"—
  To millions a divine command—
With nectar have filled many a cup,

With pity filled for others' woes,
  Low bent to lift the bowed and lost,
  Aside thine own great burdens tossed,
For worldwide ills thy heart o'erflows;

Simple in thought, just, true, and wise,
  Most gentle, kindly and serene,
  With learning wide, and thoughts still keen,
Born is thy gospel of the skies.

So moulded by the Christian thought,
  Whose vital power is life's true vine,
  Most human, and thus most divine,
Thy hands for God have nobly wrought.

A. JUDSON RICH.

A valuable Bibliography of Modern Social Questions has been prepared by the Rev. John Haines Holmes, Minister of the Church of the Messiah, New York City. It is published by the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice and may be obtained, we presume, through 25 Beacon street, Boston.

What a splendid birthday was that reached by President Angell of Michigan University the other day! Eighty years old and still full of life and joy; "shamefully well" was his own phrase. UNITY rejoices in such shamefulness and congratulates the embarrassed octogenarian.

An attempt to furnish a complete file of UNITY for the Iowa State Library reveals the fact that the following copies of UNITY have been exhausted; we shall be glad if any of our readers can supply us with the missing numbers:

1898: May 26; June 2 and 9; September 15; December 22 and 29.

1899: June 22; July 20.

1906: December 24.

There is great religious significance in the last work undertaken by the American Institute of Social Service, of which Josiah Strong is President. The President is well named; he is truly "Strong" who can present to church workers the facts which underlie the social problem of today and induce them to study the same in the light of the religion which they profess. To do this, Dr. Strong is issuing a series of weekly lessons, with editorial comment upon the same, in a small monthly magazine entitled, "The Gospel of the Kingdom." These lessons are to concern themselves with such topics as "Child Labor," "Women in Industry," "Wealth and Capital," "The Organization of Labor," "Housing," "Civic Corruption," "Public Utilities," "Socialism," "Immigration," "Foreign Relations," "The Race Question," "Labor Conditions," "Prison Reform," "Intemperance" and "Marriage." These lessons will be furnished with ample reference to Bible texts and modern authorities. Of course there is a large interdenominational advisory committee named. The list is a guarantee of the breadth and depth of the scheme, though of course the work must necessarily be done largely by the one hand. It is well that that hand should belong to one strong in character as in name. Perhaps the mechanics of the course are worked out to an embarrassing extent. It is not probable that many Sunday-school classes will be able to adopt them and to pursue the course on schedule time. But here is a series of admirable problem topics for, not only Bible class studies but for prayer meetings, week day study classes, Sunday evening lectures and pulpit themes. UNITY has many readers, clerical and lay, who will want to see these lessons. Send fifty cents to the Study Department of the American Institute of Social

Service, Room 85, Bible House, New York City, and receive the publications for a year.

The religious unrest among church people is a far more hopeful sign of the times than the orthodox complacency that approves the doctrine but neglects the practice. The people who stay away from the church as a protest against its teachings or its practice, or who stay by the church for the purpose of protesting, are far nearer the Kingdom than are the indifferent non-attendant contributors to the conventional, the becoming and the established methods and doctrines. The tidings of a Baptist minister in Freeport, Ill., whose interest in the sociological and theological problems of the day has aroused the anxieties of the elders, and the statement that pressure is brought to bear upon him to start a People's Movement in that city, are encouraging. There is vitality also in the announcement of the Monday dailies of Chicago, that a young Methodist minister in one of the suburbs preached last Sunday ina hall, his pulpit having been denied him by the Presiding Elder because of suspected heresy. A good friend of UNITY sends us some letters telling of a "Progressive Brethren" movement in the old Dunkard church in a thrifty little Illinois village that is ministered to by a brother who is learning to recognize "that the God of creation and the God of revelation are one and the same, and if a study of the works of creation bring to light truths which seem to conflict with revelation, as it has been interpreted, we may reasonably suspect that the interpretation has been faulty." Here is a progressive brother in the Dunkard pulpit who "dreams of the Christian of tomorrow who knows God at first hand, who knows humanity's aspirations as well as its mistakes, and who serves his fellow man." Our informant writes:

"You will note with what zest our orthodox brother accepts ideas from UNITY. It works like leaven. If I had the means, I would place UNITY in the hands of all progressive Christians who would dare accept Paul's words.—'Prove all things and hold fast that which is good.'"

The American Unitarian Association has published an ingenious bit of advertisement under the title of "Ten Spokes in the Wheel of Progress," which "wheel of progress" is styled in the pamphlet "a great Unitarian missionary movement." The spokes in the wheel are: 1, "The Paragraph Pulpit," which technically means the securing of a given space in the columns of current papers, at advertising rates, in which to proclaim the Unitarian gospel. The second spoke is "The Post Card Plan," which, as the title would indicate, is the using of the post card for the good of the church, etc., to extend the message of the church. The third spoke is "The Postoffice Mission," a method which may well be claimed as having been discovered and developed with great success by the Unitarians; the widening of its circle of fellowship by means of the postoffice. The fourth spoke is an "Unitarian Calendar," which is a sort of patent inside device for parish papers. It is described as "A small magazine, 4in. x 7in., 16 to 24 pages; cover attractively printed. It is filled with brief articles on the Unitarian view, etc." The first four pages are given to local announcements of the church taking two hundred or more copies each month, the cost being forty dollars per year for two hundred copies. The fifth spoke is "Local Publicity." To this end a "booklet" has been issued. The sixth spoke is tract distribution; the seventh, "Subscription to Periodicals;" the eighth, "Book Circulation;" the ninth, "Press Correspondence;" the tenth, the "Lay Center,"—an attempt to institute religious instrumentalities without the help of a minister. To this end a special service book has been arranged, etc. etc. We do not know how many spokes are necessary to complete a wheel, but this would seem to be an adequate number to give it strength; but when completed, it seems to be but a wheel, which suggests many other wants. What is to make the wheel go round? What does the wheel belong to? Is it to be a mono-cycle? Does it belong to a two-wheeled cart or an electric motor? If the latter it means three more wheels. What are they? We suggest these deficiencies, hoping that the ingenuity that perfected the "Wheel of Progress" will complete the wagon and suggest the motive power, the capacity of the vehicle and the direction in which it is to go.

The following extract from a private letter, written by one whose name is familiar to those interested in the annals of the nation, is a graphic description of what may properly come under the term "Nuisance,"—that which is a persistent offense to the comfort, if not an enroachment upon the rights of others. It is hard to induce even an intelligent and ethical people to take seriously any allusion to the encroachment upon individual rights, good taste or public health in ladies' hats or gentlemen's cigars. Fortunately, the ladies who attend theaters have been compelled, by city ordinance, in Chicago and we believe in most metropolitan cities, to remove the "obstructions"; but in the church, where mutual courtesies and a simple regard for the rights of others should find their finest expression, the obtrusive hats still remain to obstruct the view of the listeners and to distract the mind of the speaker and deflect his message. The church and congregation that will adopt the courtesies of the theater as a fixed rule and settled habit will be surprised to find what a contribution it has made to the popularity of its services, the sincerity of its worship and the cordiality of its fellowship. Where is the congregation sufficiently progressive and heroic to inaugurate the experiment?

"What a pity that all farmers are not preachers, and conversely, what a pity that all preachers are not farmers. The world would be a better and happier world if, after the pattern of the Man of Nazareth, followed so extensively by the old preachers of what are now the ecclesiastical churches, and followed too by the men of the great Roman Church in

earlier days, there was a combination of physical labor and religious thought: The fisherman and the preacher, the carpenter and the Master—these make mighty leaders, and humanity very gladly follows those who prove their faith by their works.

"There is such a vast gap today between the labor world and the religious ministry that it seems as if an intellectual revolution would have to come before it can be closed. Every Sunday when I am at home I sit in a church where the doctrines promulgated are measured by the Presbyterian standards, and all around me are women in costly raiment; good women, women with high purposes, but the energies of whose lives are largely employed in the delectibilities of dress. I sit rather far back, near the center of the "dim religious," and now and then I raise my eyes to help my ears in following the discourse. The head in front of me, a gentle one, no doubt, covered with spreading hat and towering plumes, I carefully skirmish by to get a point of observation. I listen; I am enraptured with the growing earnestness of the minister, when suddenly there passes between me and him an obscuration of hat and plume, and instead of thinking of the simple-clothed Master of the old time, and of the Mary who bore him, my thoughts wander off after the hunter who scoured the tropical forests and the frozen North and slew, that the personage before me might be attired according to the fashion of the day; and when I think of these things, despondency and contempt alike in mingled current overthrow my soul; and I wonder how many other myriads of men are influenced in some way by the same exhibition. I know how great the change has been, because in my earlier life it was the rule that, no odds how wealthy or how dignified the sitter was, whether man or woman, the dress for the sanctuary must be simple as became the religion and as indicated by the vast equality of mankind in front of the Eternal. But then I gather fresh hope, for I know that, while these fashions come and go, the Eternal truth abides; I know that more and more great doctrines are prevailing, and I know that more and more there is coming to the world the consolation which inspired Henley when he wrote:

"'It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll;
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.'"

Lincoln Books.

"What is the best 'Lincoln in Song and Story' book to use as material for the centennial? The public school children are so brought up on the usual stories that I have found they often know more than I do."—*From a private letter.*

We doubt if there is anything in the bibliography of the world to parallel the marvelous growth of the Lincoln literature. The martyred President has been dead less than forty-four years, and already the bibliography of Lincoln covers thousands of titles. It represents indeed a "literature." The utterly inadequate collection in the editorial sanctum of UNITY includes some seventy-five bound volumes, and the collection is still growing. Twelve new volumes, the output of 1908, have been added to this collection, and there are more to come.

To speak of the latest first: "Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man," by James Morgan (Macmillan) is a very satisfying, popular presentation of the man's public career, but, like nearly all the other books based on Lamon and Herndon and the vulgar gossip of the stump, it fails to appreciate the forefelders and the early boyhood life of the backwoodsman. The book is marred by the old-fashioned flings at poor Tom Lincoln, the carpenter.

"The Story Life of Lincoln," by Wayne Whipple (John C. Winston & Company) is a book made with the scissors, but the extracts are arranged chronologically, and, a great merit, they are all credited to the books and the pages from whence they are taken; for to one at all conversant with the Lincoln literature, it makes a great difference who says it; there is wide range in reliability. This makes of this work a convenient Lincoln hand book, one that will carry unflagging interest and be of increasing service to those who learn to use it. But it should not take the place of a careful study of the life by the help of some standard work that is the result of original research and much brooding.

"Lincoln, the President" and "Lincoln, the Citizen," two volumes by Henry C. Whitney (Baker & Taylor Company), is such a work. Whitney's "Life on the Circuit With Lincoln" has long been a standard work, greatly prized by those who love Lincoln, because it is the testimony not only of an eye witness but of a comrade on the circuit. Mr. Whitney was a college trained man. The intimacy formed on the circuit was continued after the circuit rider became famous. He was postmaster in the army during the war; he subsequently took up the practice of law in Kansas, served in the state legislature, and for twenty years practiced law in Chicago, where he died in 1905. Professor Marion Mills Miller of Princeton has put Mr. Whitney's material into shape, so that these two volumes represent personal recollections, steeped in the reflections of a long life.

"The Lincoln Centennial Medal" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is an interesting contribution to Lincolniana, because it is the first effort to unite medallion art and book-making. Embedded in the center of the volume is the bronze medallion of Edouard Roine of Paris, which critics pronounce a work of high art. Flanking the medal are some accounts of its original symbolism, of the Lincoln centennial, and some standard extracts from Lincoln's own work. The whole volume commends itself as a contribution to art rather than to Lincoln history; as such it is very attractive.

Three little story books of the year—"The Boyhood of Lincoln" by Eleanor Atkinson (McClure Company), "He Knew Lincoln," by Ida Tarbell (McClure Company), and "The Toy Shop," by Margarita Spalding Gerry (Harper Brothers), to which should be added "Lincoln's First Love, A True Story," by Carrie Douglass Wright (McClurg & Company), and "The Perfect Tribute," by Mary Andrews (Scribner's)—are short story books which will do more to introduce one to the spirit of Lincoln and the life of the pioneer than many more pretentious volumes. Miss Atkinson's interview with the too little appreciated Dennis Hanks in his extreme old age is particularly valuable.

Denton J. Snider is nothing if he is not metaphysical, or, if he prefers the word, philosophical. His book of last year, "Abraham Lincoln in Inter-

pretation and Biography," in spite of his persistent effort to mythologize and to Hellenize the story, is the most careful and successful attempt to read back of the lines of the Lincoln biography yet made. This volume, with its predecessor, "The American Ten Years' War, 1855-1865," deserves careful reading and would be most valuable text books in the hands of a skillful leader for a class that would study profoundly the story of African slavery in the United States.

To go back of 1908 and take a wider view of the Lincoln literature: Of course the great treasury house of Lincoln lore is the colossal ten-volume work of Nicolay & Hay, Mr. Lincoln's war secretaries, well called "A History," and the compilation by the same authors in two companion volumes of Lincoln's own works, "Speeches, Letters, State Papers." One who would know Lincoln would do well to abstain from all other Lincoln reading long enough to find the man himself in his own words in these last named volumes.

There are but four authors who can speak of Lincoln as companions and neighbors, who were witnesses of his earlier life. These are Herndon, Lamon, Whitney and Joseph H. Barrett. The first two were too near Mr. Lincoln to see him. Their volumes deal very much with the same material, full of crudities and inaccuracies, if not something worse, and still they have great value and charm to the Lincoln collector. Mr. Barrett has the unique interest of being both the earliest and almost the latest biographer of Mr. Lincoln. His "Campaign Life of Honorable Abraham Lincoln," to which is added a sketch of Honorable Hannibal Hamlin, bears the imprint of 1860 and the back of the volume bears the legend, "Honest Old Abe," and the cut of an axe with a misshapen helve. This disputes with the now entirely lost volume of Mr. Schripp the credit of being the first biography written of Lincoln. Mr. Barrett's last "Life of Lincoln," in two noble volumes, bears date 1904 (The Robert Clark Company). During the intervening forty-four years Mr. Barrett was a devoted student, a diligent compiler, a tireless collector of Lincoln facts, and while the last book may show signs of age, lacking the vivacity of style, it is a most careful work and one deserving much respect.

"The Every Day Life of Abraham Lincoln, by Those Who Knew Him," bears date of 1886, and the fact that it was prepared and arranged by F. F. Browne, the gifted editor of *The Dial,* is sufficient guarantee of the faithfulness of the work. The book is now probably out of print, but it marks the beginning of that deeper insight into the character of Lincoln, that prophetic appreciation of him which can be interpreted only by the poet and the prophet.

Miss Ida Tarbell's "Life" must stand, as we think, among all the Lives as being the most attractive volume for home reading. She went behind what was printed. She was the first to effectively rebuke the malicious gossip and unwitting slander thrown over the early life and antecedents of Lincoln.

"A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln," being a condensation from the ten volumes, by Mr. Nicolay himself, will of course have standard value, and "The Recollections of Lincoln," edited by a daughter of Ward H. Lamon, contains all that is permanent and valuable from the larger book of Lincoln's provost marshal, which ought never to have been written, but, now that it is written, cannot be spared from the Lincoln collection.

Among the monographs on Lincoln, that by George Bancroft, re-published last year (A. Wessels Company), and Carl Schurz are invaluable.

The dearest one-volume book, which most effectively reveals the heart of Lincoln, is "Six Months in the White House," by F. B. Carpenter, the artist of the great picture, "The Emancipation Proclamation." The book is long since out of print and calls for a re-publication.

Caroline Hanks Hitchcock has rendered great original service to the Lincoln study in her little book, "Nancy Hanks, the Story of Abraham Lincoln's Mother" (Doubleday & McClure.) This preliminary study awakens anxious interest in the promised larger volume that will tell the full story of the Hanks family.

"Abraham Lincoln, His Book," is a delightful little souvenir, a facsimile reproduction of one of Lincoln's little note books, with the necessary explanation by J. McCan Davis (McClure, Phillips & Company). One loves to handle it.

If one believes in a "Child's Life of Lincoln," M. Louise Putnam (McClurg & Company) has done the thing very well, but we hope few will read such a book.

And now, to answer the question of our correspondent, "Lincoln in Story," the life of the martyred President told in authentic anecdotes (Appleton), by Silas G. Pratt, is a book to his needs. "The Memory of Lincoln," poems selected with an introduction by DeWolf Howe (Small, Maynard), is a choice collection of eighteen Lincoln poems. "Political Tributes to the Memory of Lincoln" (Lippincott, 1865) is a collection probably not available but very interesting and showing how the event stirred the deep fountains of the literary as well as the ethical life of the nation.

Speaking of the Lincoln poetry, the sonnet sequence by Maurice Thompson, "Lincoln's Grave" (McClurg) should be specially mentioned as coming from a Confederate soldier,

"One who fought in honor for the South
Uncovered stands and sings by Lincoln's grave.
Why, if I shrunk not at the cannon's mouth,
Nor swerved one inch for any battle-wave,
Should I now tremble at this quiet close,
Hearing the prairie wind go lightly by
From billowy plains of grass and miles of corn,
While out of deep repose
The great sweet spirit lifts itself on high
And broods above our land this summer morn?"

THE PULPIT.

America—A City of Refuge; With Special Reference to the Rudovitz Case.

SERMON PREACHED IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, JANUARY 10, 1909, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

And Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, When ye pass over the Jordan into the land of Canaan, then ye shall appoint you cities to be cities of refuge for you, that the manslayer that killeth any person unwittingly may flee thither. And the cities shall be unto you for refuge from the avenger, that the manslayer die not, until he stand before the congregation for judgment. And the cities which ye shall give shall be for you six cities of refuge. Ye shall give three cities beyond the Jordan, and three cities shall ye give in the land of Canaan; they shall be cities of refuge. For the children of Israel, and for the stranger and for the sojourner among them, shall these six cities be for refuge; that every one that killeth any person unwittingly may flee thither.—*Numbers XXXV*: 9-16.

Here we have a strange relic of primitive legislation, the crude beginnings of organized societies. We see here the state or the church, which in the early social compact were identical, trying to interpose in behalf of the unconvicted criminal; here we see the benignant arm of law stretched forth to separate if possible, for a time at least, the accused from the accuser; trying to suspend the impetuosity of passion that the slower footed reason may arrive and decide on the justice involved. In the earlier glimpses we have in the Pentateuch of the Jewish state we find a theocratic scheme of government which probably was never realized. The avenging of blood was not only the right but the duty of the first of kin. Society expected that the relatives of the murdered one would see to it that prompt and summary vengeance would be meted to the murderer. This crude and dangerous attempt to enforce order and to protect life still survives in the semi-barbaric strata of society, even in these United States. According to the ruder code of the mountain whites of the South and the short-ranged and imperative demands of honor in the mining and herding regions of the West, a man who does not promptly demand a life for a life and a tooth for a tooth is deemed a coward; and he must as promptly take the life of one who offers insult to mother, wife or sister.

In all this we see a groping sense of justice. The *"Lex Talionis"*—the law of retaliation—is found firmly imbedded in the early regulations and legislations of all peoples.

But along side of it we see also almost as early a recognition of the inadequacy of the code, if for no other reason than the horrible miscarriages of justice in its execution. So, early in the growth of the state we find ameliorating clauses introduced. A long way back we see where the state has taken into its own hands the task of punishing wrong. The element of vengeance still lurks in the modern code and still more in the modern practice of law, but the individual is no longer entrusted with the dangerous responsibility of meting out punishment to the wrong-doer or avenging the innocent by the execution of the murderer. But all mob violence in lynching atrocities and all duel codes of honor rest on what was once the legal expectation, the code of society.

The cities of refuge provided for in the primitive legislation of the Jews are clearly devices in the interest of justice. It is a curious attempt to ameliorate the barbarity of the day, to interpose between passion and judgment and to give the lowest criminal a chance for his life. It was a recognition of that universal right of hearing for which modern courts have been established. A man whose hands were stained with human blood was the legitimate victim of the nearest of kin, if he could be apprehended in that condition. To protect such an one from an unjust death, these cities of refuge were established, three of them within the boundaries of Canaan, in the earlier code, and three more were provided for beyond the Jordan, should the territory of Israel extend so far.

This humane amelioration of the primitive savagery in man is not peculiar to the early Israelites, though their particular provision to meet the case has in it many unique elements. The principle of the city of refuge is deeply imbedded in language itself.

The modern meaning of "Asylum," as given by the Century Dictionary, is "An institution for receiving, maintaining and, as far as possible, ameliorating conditions of persons suffering from bodily defects, mental maladies, or other misfortunes."

Thus we have our asylums for the blind, deaf, insane, etc. From these modern hospitals, sustained largely by the state and directed by the state, is a far cry to the first significance of the word,—a place provided by the early Greeks where criminals and debtors might find shelter; a place so sacred that the officers of justice itself could not remove them without being guilty of sacrilege; that is, without violating the sanctities of the place. The very word itself is burdened with history and religion. Every time we speak it we unwittingly vocalize the gospel of charity and patience.

"Sulon" in Greek means "the right of seizure"; the same as "spolium" in Latin and "spoil" in English, words which, in their original sense, are identified with plunder; the "a" before the word is a negative,—the alpha primitive of the Greek etymology.

So, an "Asylum," in its Greek sense, is a place of refuge, a sanctuary where criminals and debtors may find shelter. The Christian Church only followed its Jewish and Greek fore-runners when the churches became places of refuge, of asylum. A man who could lay hold of the horns of the altar was saved. The sanctuary was the holy spot, not only where sacred things were kept but where life was held sacred, where the criminal would be protected in his rights, and the murderer's cry for mercy would be heeded. In mediæval times certain churches were set apart as holy refuges for criminals. One of the progressive acts of James I. was to abolish the privilege of sanctuary to criminals, but sanctuaries for debtors continued until 1697, and I believe that the Abbey of Holyrood House in Scotland still claims the right of granting such shelter, though since the abolition of imprisonment for debt, the humanitarian necessity for such asylums has largely passed away.

One of the most thrilling scenes in that tremendous story of Victor Hugo's, "Notre Dame de Paris," is where the deformed bell-ringer of the cathedral, by daring agility, succeeded in lowering himself from the high belfry and snatched Esmeralda, the Gypsy, from the hands of the executioners, carrying her with one hand while clearing the way with the other, as he leapt at one bound into the church. Lifting the girl

above his head he cried out with a formidable voice, "Sanctuary!"

"Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" repeated the crowd, and the "clapping of ten thousand hands made Quasimodo's only eye sparkle with pride and joy." "The executioners and their escort were confounded, for within the walls of Notre-Dame de Paris the condemned was inviolable. The Cathedral was a recognized place of refuge; all temporal jurisdiction expired upon its threshold."

Up one gallery after another he plunged, and every time he appeared in view of the multitude that had thronged the nave of the gallery, he shouted, "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!"

"At last he made a third appearance on the summit of the tower of the great bell; from thence he seemed to show exultingly to the whole city the fair creature he had saved; and his thundering voice, that voice which was heard so seldom, and which he never heard at all, thrice repeated with frantic vehemence, even in the very clouds, 'Sanctuary! Sanctuary! Sanctuary!'

'Noel! Noel!' cried the people in their turn; and that multitudinous acclamation resounded upon the opposite shore of the Seine."

Now in all this the intelligent student of history sees not the decree of an old superstition, the vanishing of a crude barbarism, an archæological study of a dead past no longer allowed to cumber the ground of the living present, but rather the vital seed, the living germ of justice, budding and growing until it has bloomed into the far-reaching protections, the high guarantees of constitutional government, pledged to protect the rights of the weakest; to secure, so far as possible, another chance to the most hopeless.

The old "code of Moses," so-called, provided six spots in a territory perhaps one hundred and forty miles long and forty to sixty miles wide, where the refugee might find shelter from infuriated vengeance. Here in these six places judgment will call a halt on vengeance and mercy temper the demand for justice. In the modern state these six places have not been abolished but they have been extended until in theory and, heaven be praised! to a large extent in practice, every foot of the state lies within the city of refuge. The priests, to whom were entrusted the high functions of the altar, were few in number; they are now multiplied, and every policeman and officer of justice is the successor of the priest who guarded the sanctuary, and every court of law is an extension of the altar of religion.

In the old Jewish cities of refuge, the asylum of the Greeks, and the sanctuary of the old cathedral, before which the tyrant-king, the robber-baron, the marauding chieftain halted and quailed, and the waves of greed and tyranny beating against the altar-places were broken, and their strength wasted, the words of religion, the demands of humanity, the rights of man were uttered in such a fashion that, like oil on troubled waters, turbulence was quieted and the troubled sea was still as in the presence of him who said, "Peace, be still!"

Now all these safeguards have been multiplied instead of being reduced; the sanctities have been extended instead of being abolished, but the end is not yet. No longer is the avenging of blood entrusted to the individual passion and nearest of kin. The state says now, "Give not away to wrath; vengeance is mine; I will repay." The ethics of today stops not with the adjustments between man and man, but between country and country; but here the old law of retaliation, the crude instrumentality of the duel, the domination of the most powerful, still obtains, and there comes, in the fulness of time, the need of the cities of refuge between nations; places where those who have incurred the indignation of the state, those who have offended against kings, those who in their agony and feebleness, out of their pain and suffering, have tried to free themselves, have sought the growth of a free mind and of a fair chance, and have failed, may flee.

This is the highest glory of our republic; far beyond any achievement of the arts and sciences, far beyond any wealth of mines or of field, lies the glory of being an asylum to the oppressed, a place of refuge to the hunted, a land that not only guarantees freedom to the native-born but protection to the oppressed everywhere. The weakest stanza in our national hymn is that which glorifies

"Our rocks and rills, our woods and templed hills."

Of nature's beauties and bounties we hold no monopoly; the sunshine is fair and the moon serene in every land. The nobler stanza in our hymn is that which glories in

"The land of the free and the home of the brave."

The prayer for prosperity and power is a low prayer, echoed by the sordid and the dying nations of all times; but the prayer which reaches into eternity is that which says,

"Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light."

Our armies and navies are small and insignificant at their best, compared with those of the world. In a recent graphic illustration of the respective strengths of armies, the United States is represented by a little pigmy soldier at the end of the line, while Russia and Germany are represented by massive giants. We may well be proud of the fact that the United States is represented by the smallest man in the line, on this side. Not the fleet that is now sailing around the world in foolish competition with the barbarous Dreadnaughts of Great Britain, but the colossal statue of Bartholdi in the New York harbor, is the symbol of the invincible power of the United States. It is Liberty enlightening the world, and in that enlightenment the refugees of the world are made welcome.

And O what a need there is for this asylum! How splendid is the record of America's hospitality in this direction! Peasants, ground down by the tyranny of caste and conservatism, have yearned for a home under the stars and stripes; thinkers, who have felt the inspiration of great new thoughts, have crossed the sea for the privilege of saying what they think, and of voting for the emancipation in which they believe; men of action who have dared to resist the thrall of priest and baron, who have resented the enroachment of church or state upon the rights of the individual, who have exercised the divine right of protest and have launched out upon the high adventure of rebels, who, in their loyalty to humanity, have dared to be traitors to the governments they defied, and have failed, have fled to America as a city of refuge, and once their feet planted on American soil, they have turned around and cried in the face of the persecuting mob, like the hero hunch-back in Hugo's story, "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" and the rights of the sanctuary have been vouchsafed to them by the power of a republic that rules, not by the authority of kings or the menace of armies and navies, but by the invincible power of the people. The United States of America has welcomed to its shore the persecuted Jews, the hunted Irishmen, the defeated revolutionists of France and Germany, the liberty-loving Scandinavians, the exiled Hungarians; Carl Schurz, Franz

Sigel, and thousands of others, lesser in power but equal in purity of aim, have found asylum here.

Here Garibaldi, Kossuth, Kosciusko, the defeated revolutionists of Ireland, France and the far-off territories of Servia and Montenegro have hastened hither and found welcome, and they but followed in the wake of the pilgrim fathers. They joined the great American rebels or their descendants, the Adamses, the Warrens, the Patrick Henrys, Washingtons, Lincolns and the Fred Douglasses.

"For things we never mention,
For Art misunderstood—
For excellent intention
That did not turn to good;
From ancient tales' renewing,
From clouds we would not clear—
Beyond the Law's pursuing
We fled, and settled here.

* * *

"God bless the thoughtful islands
Where never warrants come;
God bless the just Republics
That give a man a home,
That ask no foolish questions,
But set him on his feet;
And save his wife and daughters
From the workhouse and the street!

* * *

"We sail o' nights to England
And join our smiling Boards;
Our wives go in with Viscounts
And our daughters dance with Lords,
But behind our princely doings,
And behind each coup we make,
We feel there's something wanting,
And—we meet It when we wake."

Notwithstanding the "Something Wanting," the undying home-sickness, they have found a new life and a new hope.

It is not my purpose at this time to enter into the technicalities of the Rudovitz case, which is now engaging the attention of two great nations of the world, —the republic of the United States, the noblest realization of democracy yet achieved, and the great kingdom of Russia, the one absolute monarchy left in Christendom; this country where constitutional government is still denied, this country that has sanctioned horrible butcheries of Jews, by its cruelty created a Nihilistic philosophy and a Nihilistic class, the very existence of which is an arraignment of the government, *prima facie* evidence of cruelty, for the normal man is a social being; he is instinctively gregarious; society and law are natural to him. But recently this tyranny has reached its black hand across the seas, found a humble carpenter innocently earning his bread by the sweat of his brow out here in Pullman, identified him as the man who two years before did join in a rebellion that failed, did have a part in transactions that were gory and lamentable, and they ask that the sanctities of this republic be invaded, our asylum desecrated, and that this man be passed back to the government to meet the inevitable fate which awaits rebels.

The evidence of his guilt, presented before a United States official, poorly equipped by training or experience to pass upon such high questions of law, was established, and the order of his extradition is now awaiting the signature of Mr. Root, Secretary of State. The evidence which convinced this inadequate if not incompetent court has been carefully examined by the highest expert ability of the Northwestern and Chicago Universities, as it has by some of the ablest and most astute lawyers in the city, and it has been pronounced inadequate. To their minds there is no doubt but that the deeds of this humble carpenter were inspired by a political revolution, a strike for freedom; and the United States will be traitor to its traditions, disloyal to its inspirations, and a disappointment to the struggling, aspiring children of men everywhere, if it does not, like the multitude in the nave of Notre Dame de Paris in the story, respond with a mighty chorus that can be heard away over across the Atlantic and in Russia, "Sanctuary! Sanctuary! Sanctuary!"

In thus providing sanctuary to the persecuted of the world, the United States gathers to its bosom, not the refuse but the cream of Europe. Broken men indeed they are, but men who in their very defeat have gathered new strength and out of their agonies climbed the mount of vision. This is a case where it is better that ten guilty men should go free than that one innocent man should suffer. There is a point beyond which it is not for man to pursue even the criminal; there is a voice beyond that of state or of republic that says, "Give not away to wrath; vengeance is mine; I will repay," saith the Lord.

What Abraham Lincoln said of the poor boy sentenced to be shot has wider application. He said, "I do not see how shooting will help him any; I will sign your paper." It is poor use to make of human nature to incarcerate it between high prison walls, except when such incarceration is necessary to the safety of the community or to the reformation of the subject. This question of the Rudovitz case goes further than the question of political extradition or the rights of asylum as guaranteed by the United States. It reaches down into the whole problem of punishment; the whole scheme of penology is being revised and re-arranged.

The sanctuaries of the church, the city of refuge of the Old Testament, as I have said, were the seed of a greater growth. The tree that sprang from that seed is still a sapling; we are still in the incipiency of wise prison discipline and just penal laws. A century hence our present prison systems and criminal codes will be contemplated with the same horror with which we now contemplate the torture cells of mediæval ages or the crudities of the old Mosaic code.

What is Our Hope?

When we shall sink in drooping age,
When friends depart, when sorrows rage,
And earth's frail joys all fleeting go,
What balm remains for mortal woe?

Is this our hope that we shall reign
With God our Saviour, free from pain,
While millions of his children dwell
Mid ceaseless flames in endless hell?

Though tender offspring there we see
Wailing in hopeless agony;
Yet we with heartfelt pleasure hear
Their groans and sighs nor drop a tear?

Ah no, we hope that one and all
Shall rise at their Creator's call,
From sorrow sin and death made free,
And all in Christ new creatures be.

This precious hope can give us peace
When all our earthly comforts cease
And make us with our dying breath
Shout where's thy victory, boasting death?

HULDA JORDAN.

Gainesville, N. Y. January 22, 1837.

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*The author of this interesting poem was the mother of David Starr Jordan. It was written at the time of her marriage, in 1837, when she was twenty-five years of age. With her husband she then left the Baptist church and affiliated wit the Universalist and Unitarian. The lines may still well interpret the larger hope and the sunnier faith.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Anent the Author of "Nil Desperandum"

Prompted by a desire to know something more about Cora M. Eager, the author of "Nil Desperandum" (a manuscript fac-simile of which we printed two weeks ago), we have ventured to "interview" at long distance UNITY's good friend in Massachusetts who came to our assistance so readily. Our curiosity was whetted all the more when we found ourselves unable to discover any mention of Cora M. Eager in such anthologies as were at our immediate disposal. Many of our readers will undoubtedly be interested in the following additional biographical and literary data regarding "Nil Desperandum's" obscure composer, which our correspondent kindly contributes in response to our request.

"You ask for what I know of Cora M. Eager. I knew her only through a very dear friend of hers, who gave me that manuscript poem. I never saw Cora; she died, before I knew her friend, at the age of thirty-five or so, though she may have been younger. I think her home was in Utica, N. Y., but I am not so certain as to that; and I have a faint impression she once lived in Medina, Ohio. Her friend and mine died many years ago. Cora wrote only fugitive pieces published occasionally in papers and magazines. Her poem, 'Will the New Year come tonight, Mamma?' was very popular. She wrote an exquisite bit of verse 'To the Rain,' which I wish I could recall entirely.

"Patter away with your musical feet,
Over the house-tops and over the street;
Tap on the window and dance on the sill,
Kiss the young pansies wherever you will."

That, if I remember rightly is the first verse. There is one other that I recall:

"And O blessed rain, ere you gather your feet
From the meadows and fields, from the roofs and the street,
Go forth with your stillest and holiest tread
Where we bury our hearts, where we bury our dead."

I am not quite sure of this last stanza. The other poem I mentioned I know; it is quite long, and I will not copy it here. Miss Eager was contemporary with M. Louisa Chitwood, another sweet singer of antebellum days. I think their poems were published sometimes in George D. Prentiss' paper published in Louisville, Ky. He was a friend of both the young ladies. I never met Miss Chitwood; she died young."

Education in India.

The word education is commonly understood to mean the harmonious development of mind and body. But it does not mean this in India. Here it means, in the comparatively few instances where it means anything at all, the cramming of the mind with things wholly unrelated to the normal life of the student and practical prohibition of individual development.

The English boast of the sum education in India costs the Government. Compared with the number to benefit by it, and especially compared with the millions of pounds every year taken out of India to England, it is a pathetically paltry sum. In 1881 there were ninety-one literates and 909 illiterates in every thousand. By literates I mean those who can at least read and write. Of this proportion the really educated are a very much smaller number, about 5 per cent. In 1891 there were 109 literates to each thousand; in 1901 the proportion was 127. These figures refer to the male population only. In the matter of female education, the rates are four to every thousand in the Madras Presidency; ten in a thousand in the Bombay Presidency, and in 1893 one Bengalee girl graduated herself. According to Mr. Gokhale's figures, out of every five villages four have no schools at all. This statement is based upon the last census returns, that of 1901.

Now let us glance at the educational record of England in India. Every reader of Indian history knows how the English took advantage of local jealousies to gradually gain control of practically the whole country. For many, many years there was no thought of education, or, indeed, of any relation toward the conquered except that of squeezing every possible cent from them. Then English scholars began to be interested in philological and ethnographical researches. It was plain these would be greatly hampered without the aid of learned Indians. Arrogance and isolation were not conducive to this end. They tried conciliation. They spared no pains in the republication of old manuscripts. They encouraged the study of Sanskrit. They even founded a Sanskrit college at Benares in 1791, which marks the first stage of our education. In 1813, when the charter of this college was renewed, one lac annually was settled upon it for "public instruction," which included the study of Oriental languages only. Occasionally this insignificant sum was increased by private donation.

In 1821 a Sanskrit college was opened at Poona; in 1824, another at Calcutta; 1825 saw the establishment of two more—one at Agra and one at Delhi. Then a mixed college sprang up in Madras. In 1828, nearly a century after English occupation, the first English school as founded, which became known as the Hindu College of Calcutta and the Elphinston College of Bombay. In 1830 Lord Macaulay came on the scene and his persuasions and stern arguments at last changed the policy of the Government somewhat and the diffusion of English became compulsory. At the renewal of the Company's charter in 1833 the previous grant of one lac for public instruction was doubled. Before the year 1836 forty schools came into existence in Bengal alone, having on their rolls ten thousand students. These schools were terribly overcrowded, boys having to wait years for admittance. And yet millions of pounds sterling were annually leaving the Indian coast for England.

Up to this time there were no systematic examinations. In 1844 Lord Harding introduced the examination system. It was announced to the school-going public that diplomas would entitle their holders to Government posts. This was in response to a clamor for employment and for representation in their own Government. But the examinations were designedly made so rigorous and the age limit so fixed that no student could succeed in his ambition. Just as, later, the civil service was thrown open to natives, but they were required to go to England to pass the examinations, and as few had the means to do this they were as effectively excluded as if the Government had straightforwardly said—we want none of you among us. With every concession there is a limiting clause that practically prohibits.

From this time on schools and colleges sprang up in almost all the large towns, supported partly by public subscription but chiefly by private donation. Occasionally there was a little Government aid given, if there was sufficient pressure brought to bear. As, gradually, the illusion of securing Government positions was dispelled, and they began to understand the reason why, a widespread discontent became evident among the student class. This was pronounced due to

"education." The Government debated how the spread of education could be stopped. But it was too late and during the Viceroyalty of Lord Curzon he hit upon the almost equally effective device of "officializing the universities." This meant Government direction of every educational detail. If the Government could dictate what should be studied and to what extent, it would answer the same purpose, adroitly managed, as putting a stop to all education. Also it would have a much better sound. Officializing universities does not sound like ruining young men physically for life with undue mental requirements when they should be playing cricket and baseball and lopping the curriculum to only such studies as will practically unfit the students to make a decent livelihood, and wholly deprive them of ability to meet the demands of their country's welfare. All this was done, of course, under cover of a few technical concessions to blind the eyes of the unthinking, and even in some cases the thinking, so cunning is the Englishman in pursuit of his dollar—but the fact remains that all technical instruction was strongly discouraged, privately supported educational institutions were closed and the requirements and fees of the "officialized" so raised as to reduce materially the number of those who could take advantage of what opportunities were offered. From first to last England's educational policy in India has been a self-seeking one. Where she could benefit she has expended a fraction of the wealth she has wrung from the conquered land. Where Indian education seemed to threaten her mercenary ends and supremacy she has ruthlessly thrown all humane considerations to the dogs.

But instead of decreasing the prevailing discontent, the "officializing of the universities" has increased it tenfold. This generation is alive to the practical needs of their country and equally alive to the patent policy of the Government to keep from the young blood all means of answering those needs. The Government does not seriously object to starving lawyers and doctors, clerks and pedagogues; it looks with alarm at a body of young men who want to learn to work with their hands at the native industries that once made India famous throughout the world. Starting out in the world with high hopes, this generation of students are finding all the practical avenues of activity closed to them, as did their fathers before them. And like them, many are settling down to any hand to mouth labor they can seize upon to ward off starvation, after having spent their all on an "education" that has done little for them but ruin their health. For educational expenses are abnormally high in India, though Government expenditure for education is only a little over two annas a student.

A glance at the curriculum of different grades under "officialization" may not be out of place. In the primary schools reading and writing with the rudiments of arithmetic and geography are taught. In the middle grades, arithmetic, dictation, elementary sciences and a history of India especially prepared to suit the English idea of what Indians should know about their country. In the high schools, Euclid and algebra are given in addition. In the colleges, philosophy, science, history and higher mathematics are taught. But in all of these so many books are required on each subject, familiarity is required with so many inessential details, that the percentage of successful students is satisfactorily decreased.

Again and again the Government was petitioned for technical instruction, but, of course, turned a deaf ear. At last private enterprise undertook to meet the demand, not, however, until within the last few years, so great were the obstacles continually thrown in the way. The late Swadeshi movement has given technical education great impetus, but there is no adequate provision in India for so much as a millionth part of the young men who would flock to these studies. And the prevailing poverty is such that such schools as there are are not adequately equipped. The Government talks a great deal about developing the resources of the country, but when it comes to a question of developing the people themselves, or even enabling them to assist in the development of their own country, it is a different matter. Whatever will dwarf and stunt our manhood and ambition; whatever will reduce cooperation and mutual understanding among us to a minimum; whatever will decrease our numbers, so swell the perennial stream of wealth from India to England and blind the eyes of the rest of the world to the true state of affairs in our unhappy country—these are the things that England "develops," nothing else.

This is why we look to other countries, to America, for the education we need; this is why we starve and pinch for years to get together enough to pay our way to a country where we can make men of ourselves; and this is why no sacrifice seems too great if it but opens the way to a brighter future for our beloved motherland.—*Contributed.*

On a Subway Express

I, who have lost the stars, the sod,
  For chilling pave and cheerless light,
Have made my meeting-place with God
  A new and nether Night—

Have found a fane where thunder fills
  Loud caverns, tremulous;—and these
Atone me for my reverend hills
  And moonlit silences.

A figment in the crowded dark,
  Where men sit muted by the roar,
I ride upon the whirring Spark
  Beneath the city's floor.

In this dim firmament, the stars
  Whirl by in blazing files and tiers;
Kin meteors graze our flying bars,
  Amid the spinning spheres.

Speed! speed! until the quivering rails
  Flash silver where the headlight gleams,
As when on lakes the Moon impales
  The waves upon its beams.

Life throbs about me, yet I stand
  Outgazing on majestic Power;
Death rides with me, on either hand,
  In my communion hour.

You that 'neath country skies can pray,
  Scoff not at me—the city clod;—
My only respite of the Day
  Is this wild ride—with God.

—*Chester Firkin.*

Mountain-Born

How hast thou, little spring,
  The heart to sing,
Leaving thy lofty home
  For yonder plain,
  Whence ne'er again
Returning canst thou come?

"Nay; not as now I go;
  But mute as snow,"
The laughing wave replies;
  "To crown the height,
  In vapors white
Again I nightly rise."

—*John B. Tabb.*

THE HOME

Helps To High Living

SUN.—Better a kiss than a blow.
MON.—Better a smile than a frown.
TUES.—Better a citizen than a soldier.
WED.—Better a home than a fort.
THURS.—Better a good deed than a great deed.
FRI.—Better do a kind thing than a big thing.
SAT.—Better fail in a high thing than succeed in a low thing.
—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

The Sorrows

If This is all it will be like,
I wish to Die,—I don't care how,—
While I am Very, Very Young:
As young almost as Now.

They never felt what Sorrow was;
They never learned their Golden Rule;
They say, "These are your happiest days!"
With School, School, School.

When Saturday's all out of breath,
With all the livelong week in sight;
And Monday, coming after you,
Spoils every Sunday night.

And nothing Done but Yesterdays;
And nothing Coming but Tomorrows!
Don't cheer me up—Please let me be—
I have the Sorrows.
—*Josephine Preston Peabody.*

Their New Home

Mr. and Mrs. Brown Sparrow had for a long time felt very uneasy in the different homes they had made each year.

Their first great trouble came when they built a beautiful nest in a little bird-house perched high in a large maple tree. The place seemed so far from dogs and cats they felt quite safe. But one day, when Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow had flown away for a little exercise, some naughty boys climbed the tree and took away the nest, with four little eggs inside. When Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow came back they found they no longer had a home, for only the cold, bare bird-house was left.

They next tried a snug place under a piazza near by, where they were sure no one would find them, and that on the morrow they could begin a new nest. So the little birds talked together and helped each other to bear the loss of their home, and when daylight came they started their nest in a quiet corner under a piazza roof.

When the nest was nearly finished, they flew away to find some soft wool to line it, and when they were flying back, they saw a man with a long pole poking and pushing their little home, until at last it was loosened from its place and fell to the ground.

The little birds hardly knew what to do after this last misfortune, but like brave little birds, they started once more, and soon had another nest. But time after time their home was destroyed, until they were almost discouraged. Sometimes it would be many months when they would be happy, but something was sure to come and tear down the nest or destroy the eggs.

Try as hard as they could, they did not seem to find a place of safety, and one of the little birds had always to stay at home when the other flew away for food, to guard as far as possible the nest and little ones.

One day Mr. Brown Sparrow took a little longer trip than usual, and flew over the trees and houses, and at last lighted on the roof of a little railroad station. At the same time a train came puffing down the track, and the huge engine, with its noise and smoke, frightened poor little Mr. Brown Sparrow. He started to fly away, but could only get as far as the weather vane on the station, he was so weak from fright. He clung to the iron rod until the train disappeared; then when the smoke had cleared away and he could se around a little, he found a tiny engine —just like the big one which had frightened him so— directly in front of him. He sat very still, and waited to see if this engine would, like the big one, disappear with a rush; but it remained quite still, and moved only when a breeze blew against it.

Finally he mustered courage enough to alight on the engine, and when the breeze came and swayed it first one way, then another, he found the motion delightful. On hopping about, he found a little car fastened to the engine. He flew through the door, into what seemed to him a little room; and all at once the idea came into his head, "What a beautiful place for a nest!"

He flew back home at once, and when he told Mrs. Brown Sparrow of the fine place he had found, she was very much delighted, and flew back with him to take a look at the new quarters. They found the car a safe and sheltered place, and they cuddled down together to wait until a train went by, to see if it was really quite as good a place as they had thought it for a nest.

Mrs. Brown Sparrow did not mind in the least the rumbling and rattling of the trains, so they at once began to gather strings and straws for this last home. So clever were the little bills and so fleet their little wings, the new dwelling was ready in a few days, and when the first warm days came they moved into their new home.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow wonder again and again why no other little birds ever thought of this place to live in, for the gentle swaying of the car always lulls the little sparrows to sleep at night, and even Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow find the swinging home a very restful one.

This weather vane is on the top of a little station not many miles from Boston, and the little Sparrow family is still living in the little car, as cozy as cozy can be.—*Mary W. Carpenter.*

Books Received

FINN & COMPANY—

The Two Hague Conferences. By William I. Hull. 516 pp.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS—

Fighting the Turk in the Balkans. By Arthur D. Howden Smith. 369 pp. Price $1.75, net.

The Heart of a Griska. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 165 pp. Price $2.00.

Henry of Navarre, 346 pp. Price $1.50.

The Art of Natural Sleep. By Lyman P. Powell. 92 pp. Price 90 cents, net.

William the Conqueror and the Rule of the Normans. By Frank M. Stanton. 518 pp. Price $1.35, net.

Blackstick Papers. By Lady Ritchie. 291 pp. Price $1.75, net.

A Parable of the Rose and Other Poems. By Lyman Whitney Allen.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

The University Extension.

LIFE AND WORK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
By Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Six lectures at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue, Tuesday, eight o'clock, January 5th to Ferbuary 9th.

January 5.—*The Forbears of Abraham Lincoln.* The Mountain People. The Lincolns, from Massachusetts to Kentucky. Thomas Lincoln. The Hanks Family. Nancy Hanks.

January 12.—*From the Log Cabin to the President's Chair.* Childhood. The Education of the Backwoods. The Captain. The Storekeeper. The Surveyor. The lawyer. The Great Debate—Lincoln and Douglas.

January 19.—*The Sad Humorist of the Sangamon.* The joker of the Settlement. The Matchless Story-teller—the logic of the story. The Great Paradox—"I laugh because I must not cry." Lincoln's Loneliness. England's silence redeemed by "Punch."

January 26.—*The Great Debate, or the Prophet on the Stump.* The Greatest Political Hustings in History—A Battle of Giants. The Seven Battle Grounds: Ottawa, August 21, 1858; Freeport, August 27, 1858; Jonesboro, September 15, 1858; Charleston, September 18, 1858; Galesburg, October 7, 1858; Quincy, October 13, 1858; Alton, October 15, 1858.

January 26.—*The Great Debate, or the Prophet on the Stump—Continued.* The Little Giant—The Polished Orator—The Judge—The United States Senator. The Big Giant—The Rail Splitter—The Awkward Lawyer of the Circuit. Beating the Issue Clear—The Outward Story of the Great Debates.

"I don't care whether slavery in the new territory be voted up or voted down."—Stephen A. Douglas.

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. This union cannot remain half slave and half free, and it will not be wholly slave."—Abraham Lincoln.

"I am for larger game than the senatorship."—Abraham Lincoln.

February 2.—*The President of a Distracted People.* (a) The Civic Side of His Administration. The Dismantled Country. The Divided North—Impatient Abolitionists—Suspicious "Copperheads." The Cabinet. (b) The Making of an Army. The Finding of the Generals. The Sublime Patience. The Tender-hearted Chieftain. "The Prince of Pardoners." A Moment of Triumph and the Quick Release.

February 9.—*The Abraham Lincoln that Survives.* The Sad Home-Coming to Springfield. Lincoln in Song and Story. Lincoln's Contribution to Current Problems. Lincoln's Religion. His Place in History. His Peers.

Leslie Willis Sprague.

Mr. Leslie Willis Sprague, one of UNITY'S old friends, new connected with the Ethical Culture movement, as associate leader of the New York Society, and founder and leader of the Society in Brooklyn, is in the West for a six weeks' lecture trip, under the auspices of the University of Chicago. As lecturer in general literature, Mr. Sprague is giving courses of lectures at various centers of the Extension Department of the University, including the big center at Toledo, Ohio, and the West Side Center, at Lewis Institute, Chicago. Mr. Sprague is to speak on four Sunday mornings for the Chicago Ethical Society.

Committees wishing to arrange for single lectures or a course of lectures by Mr. Sprague should write to the Secretary of the Extension Department of the University of Chicago.

A Remarkable Record.

The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company whose advertisement appeared on another page of this paper, is known as the *policyholders'* Company on account of its grand dividend record and its honest and far-sighted management.

At the time of the New York Investigation the Secretary of The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, over his own signature, stated that the Company had never engaged in any syndicate operations; that its officers were not paid excessive salaries, the highest being $12,500 to its President; that the Company had never paid any contributions for political purposes; that its commissions to agents, as far as they knew, averaged lower than those paid by any other company.

In view of the above, the wonderful dividend record of this Company is not surprising.

Foreign Notes.

WASSILIEFF—RUDOWITZ: The Extradition Question.—Long before the Rudowitz case had made extradition the burning question that it now is among us, I called attention in these columns to the Wassilieff case in Switzerland and to the very forcible expressions of grief, humiliation, condemnation and protests that the surrender of Wassilieff had called out there. Little did I dream at that time that the same thrilling problem would so soon be agitating all the liberty-lovers of Chicago.

Doubtless the "powers that be" are fully informed as to cases and precedents elsewhere, but as a means of educating the public at large and strengthening public sentiment, it seems timely and pertinent to recur again to the Swiss case, and this all the more because the Swiss are quite alive to the fact that we now have a "case" or two of our own, and are watching with the keenest interests, not to say anxiety, to see what this great American republic will do with them.

Wassilieff, it may be remembered, was surrendered to Russia by a decree of the Swiss Federal Court, where the judges stood six to five in favor of extradition. The very fact that the change of even a single vote would have saved him, intensified the feeling of grief and shame with which the Swiss people received the decision, and the case is a live one yet to press and people. Though no direct communication with Wassilieff has been permitted since hs extradition, even to his attorney, news has reached Switzerland of the terrible rigor of his confinement and of the course of proceedings against him so at variance with the terms of his extradition that a persistent demand has been made for the Swiss government to intervene, as the terms of his surrender give it a right to do. This demand finds its formal and legal expression in a direct appeal to the Federal government of Wassilieff's lawyer, published in full in the *Signal de Geneve* of December 5.

This somewhat lengthy document, addressed to the president and members of the Federal Council at Bern, sets forth that, "according to information from an absolutely reliable source, confirmed by communications which have appeared in the Swiss papers, my client, Victor Wassilieff, extradited to Russia by virtue of a decree of the Federal Court, July 13, 1908, has been accused before the Court of Orders at Saratof, before which he must appear and be tried on December 11 on the charge of having murdered an official of the government."

According to the Russian law the *only* court having competent jurisdiction in cases of ordinary homicide under the common law, is one giving trial by jury.

On the other hand, the Court of Orders, whose members are partly nominated by the Russian government, and in case of the others must have their nominations confirmed by it, is an exceptional court in that its especial function is the trial of cases which are out of the ordinary, or placed in a special category, because involving crimes against a functionary or representative of the State.

Before the Swiss Federal Court could consent to the extradition of Wassilieff it was necessary under the provisions of article 10 of the Federal extradition law of 1892 and the Swiss-Russian treaty,

which prohibits extradition for political offences, to completely eliminate from the Wassilieff case all those features which could make of his act a special offence, or political crime, in distinction from a crime under the common law, these features or elements being, according to the principles of jurisprudence, the circumstances of time and place under which the deed was committed, the result which it was likely to produce, the intention of the perpetrator, the tending of this aim to the overthrow of the existing political or social order, and, notably, the *official standing of the victim.*

Having thus refused to recognize in the crime of Wassilieff, not merely a purely political crime but even one of a political character, the decree of the Federal Court reduced it judically to an ordinary common-law crime, whose perpetrator was to be treated and judged as an *ordinary criminal.* It was as such and under these conditions that his extradition was accorded to Russia.

The Advocate then quotes from the provisions of the Court's decree: "Extradition is accorded under the reservation of express pledges from the Imperial Russian Government that Wassilieff shall be tried by the ordinary courts and for the crime of *homicide only,*" and he argues that in transferring the case to this special court and making the charge one of crime against a government functionary, the Russian government is distinctly violating the express stipulations of the Federal Court, which, according to a message from the Federal Council, relative to the law of extradition, was authorized to refuse extradition if it saw any reason whatever to fear that in spite of the *formal and categoric declarations of the Russian Government,* Wassilieff, once extradited, would be tried before a special court, prosecuted not for murder simply, but for connection with the socialist-revolutionary party, or that he would be *punished for anything but the common-law crime which he had committed.*"

Mr. Willemin, the advocate, states further, in support of his protest, that he has been denied all privilege of communication with his client since the latter's incarceration at Pensa, this being contrary to the most elementary principles of law and justice, and he supports his contention that it is the right and duty of the Swiss Government promptly to intervene, by citations from two eminent legal authorities: Nicolas Herzen, professor of law at the University of Lausanne, whose profound knonwledge of Russian law makes him an indisputable authority, and the Russian jurist Belkin, who in a recent study of the question in the *Peuple Suisse,* declared that "persistence on the part of Russia in trying Wassillieff before this special court and on this charge of crime against a government functionary, would constitute an indisputable breach of faith and an actual infraction of the law of nations."

Let America take not of Switzerland's experience and observe in time how much faith is to be placed in Russian official pledges!

M. E. H.

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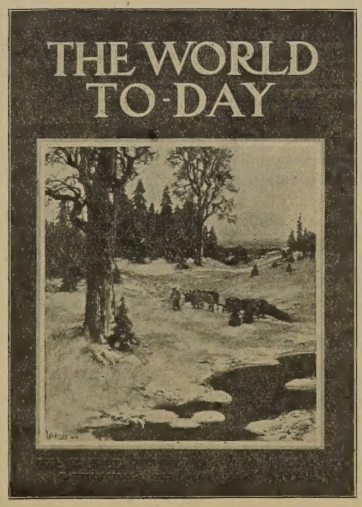

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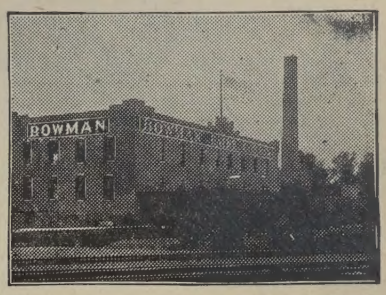

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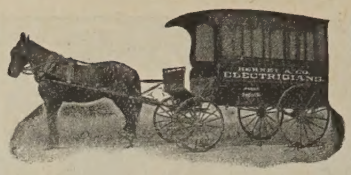
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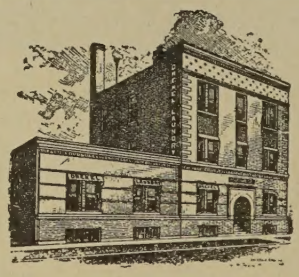
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